

U T I L E D U L C I

The New-York Weekly Magazine;

OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

VOL. II.]

W E D N E S D A Y, FEBRUARY 1, 1797.

[No. 83.]

THE PIEDMONTESE SHARPER.

IN the year 1695, a Piedmontese, who stiled himself Count Carassa, came to Vienna, and privately waited on the prime minister, pretending he was sent by the duke of Savoy on a very important affair, which they two were to negotiate without the privity of the French court. At the same time he produced his credentials, in which the duke's seal and signature were very exactly imitated. He met with a very favourable reception, and, without affecting any privacy, took upon him the title of envoy extraordinary from the court of Savoy. He had several conferences with the imperial council, and made so great a figure in the most distinguished assemblies, that once at a private concert at court, the captain of the guard denying him admittance, he demanded satisfaction in his master's name, and the officer was obliged to ask his pardon. His first care was to ingratiate himself with the jesuits, who at that time bore a great sway at court; and in order to this, he went to visit their church, which remained unfinished, they pretended from the low circumstances of the society, he asked them how much money would complete it. An estimate to the amount of two thousand louis-d'ors being laid before him, Carassa assured them of his constant attachment to their order; that he had gladly embraced such a public opportunity of shewing his esteem for them, and that they might immediately proceed to finishing their church. In consequence of his promise, he sent that very day the two thousand louis-d'ors, at which sum the charge had been computed.

He was very sensible this was a part he could not act long without being detected; and that this piece of generosity might not be at his own expence, he invited a great number of ladies of the first rank to supper and a ball. Every one of the guests had promised to be there; but he complained to them all of the ill returns made to his civilities, adding, that he had been often disappointed, as the ladies made no scruple of breaking their word on such occasions, and, in a jocular way, insisted on a pledge from every lady for their appearance at the time appointed. One gave him a ring, another a pearl necklace, a third a pair of earrings, a fourth a gold watch, and several such trinkets, to the amount of twelve thousand dollars.

On the evening appointed not one of the guests were missing; but it may easily be conceived, what a damp it struck upon the whole assembly, when it was at last found that the gay Piedmontese was a sharper, and had disappeared. Nor had the jesuits any great reason to applaud themselves on the success of their dissimulation; for a few days before his departure, the pretended count, putting on an air of deep concern, placed himself in the way of the emperor's confessor, who inquiring into the cause of his apparent melancholy, he intrusted him with the important secret, that he was short of money at a juncture when eight thousand louis-d'ors were immediately wanted for his master's affairs, to be distributed at the imperial court. The jesuits, to whom he had given a recent instance of his liberality by so large a donation, immediately furnished him with the sum he wanted; and with this acquisition, and the ladies' pledges, he thought he had carried his jests far enough, and very prudently withdrew from Vienna.

ALMANZOR, THE ARABIAN.

THE great Almanzor, as he is called, to distinguish him from some other Arabian princes of his name, was king of Cordova, in Spain. He was no less famous for his wisdom than for his courage; he wrote a book of maxims, from which these that follow are taken.

"If hungry beggars are whipt through the streets, beggars in fine cloaths have a right to their proportion of notice, and should be sent to the gallies.

"Pride is as true a beggar, very often, as poverty can be, but a good deal more saucy.

"A prince who resolves to do no good, unless he can do every thing, teaches his people to see that they are slaves, and they have a right to do whatever they have a mind to.

"Power and liberty are like heat and moisture; when they are well mixed, every thing prospers; when they are single, they ever do mischief.

"I believe the least useful part of the people have the most credit with the prince. Men will conclude therefore, that to get every thing, it is necessary to be good for nothing."

THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION;
OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CAPIA.
UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.

Translated from the German of Tschink.

(Continued from page 235.)

I HAD not yet recovered from my astonishment at the speech of the Duke, when Alumbrado asked me, after a short pause:

"Then you think it absurd to believe in the possibility of apparitions?"

"A belief that has no firm foundation is absurd."

"You then think every apparition, however it be shaped—"

"Is delusion, the source of which arises either from external natural causes, or flows from our bewildered imagination, or from both at once."

"One question more!" the Duke said, "What do you think of the occult wisdom which Hiermanfor is said to have learnt from the Bramins?"

"That it consists in a profound knowledge of physics and natural history."

"And the supernatural power he is boasting of—?"

"Is nothing but a skilful application of that knowledge!"

The Duke remained silent for some time, and then resumed:

"You think it impossible for mortals to acquire a supernatural power?"

I smiled.

"It seems you deny also the possibility of miracles?" Alumbrado said with a dreadful look, which he however soon sweetened again.

"I am convinced of the possibility of miracles," I replied, "because it is self-evident that God, who is the author of the laws of nature, can alter and suspend them; but this only the Creator can do; man, consequently, is not capable of working miracles."

"But men can become instruments in the hand of God," Alumbrado continued, "whereby Providence performs miracles!"

"Undoubtedly, but no wretches like the Irishman. The eternal source of truth and holiness can never employ, as an immediate instrument, an impostor who deals in lies and artifice."

"Where will you find a mortal without fault?" the Duke said, "indeed you are too much prejudiced against the Irishman. He did not deceive me out of malice or selfishness, but only for the sake of a just and noble purpose."

"Actions that are in themselves immoral, like imposition and lies, never can be rendered moral by the justness of their end, and an organ of the Godhead never can employ means of so culpable a nature. But, my friend, if you really are persuaded the furtherance of the revolution to have been a noble and just action, why has the Irishman been obliged to exert all his arts to prevail on you to assist in the execution of that undertaking?"

The Duke cast his eyes to the ground, and Alumbrado left us. Miguel seemed to be penetrated with shame and confusion, and continued for some time to keep his eyes rivetted to the ground without uttering a word.

I took him affectionately by the hand: "It was not my intention to tell you my opinion of your adventures with the Irishman in Alumbrado's presence; you have forced me to do it, and I could not help telling my own freely."

"I thank you for it."

"Your obstinacy and my frankness may prove fatal to me."

"How so?"

"It will perhaps cost me my life and liberty."

"I do not comprehend you."

"I have declared myself against the belief in apparitions, and Alumbrado is perhaps at present on the road to the inquisition, in order to inform against me."

"Have you not yet conquered your prejudices against him? Don't be uneasy, and cease judging unjustly of a man against whom you have no reason of complaint, except a countenance you do not like."

"You did not observe the send-like look he darted at me. O my friend, whatever may befall me, I will submit willingly to it, if I have succeeded in recalling you from your errors!"

"I thank you for your love, but I apprehend very much I am one of those unhappy men of whom you have been saying, that no arguments of reason can remove their delusion. I am sensible that my sensations have an immediate evidence, which overpowers every persuasion of the understanding—this I am sensible of, as often as I recall to my mind the apparition at the church-yard."

"You view me with looks of pity," the Duke continued, after a short pause, "I divine your thoughts. However, if you had seen what I have witnessed—"

"Then I should have been astonished at the artful delusion, and the dexterity of the Irishman."

"And at the same time would not have been able to conceive, as well as myself, how it could have been performed in a natural manner."

"I grant it; but I never conclude that any thing has been performed by supernatural means, because I cannot comprehend how it could have been effected in a natural manner. There was a time when you fancied the apparition in Amelia's apartment to have been effected by supernatural means, and yet it was not so. Who would have the childish arrogance to fancy his intellectual faculties to be the scale of the powers of nature, and his knowledge the limit of human art? However, the apparition of the church-yard has some defects, which its author could not efface in spite of his dexterity, and which easily would have dispelled the delusion before the eyes of a cool observer. The Irishman could not give to the phantasm the accent of Antonio's voice, how skilfully soever he imitated his features. That the apparition did not move his eyes and lips, nor any limb, is also a suspicious circumstance, that proves the limits of the artificer's skill. But what renders the reality of the apparition

tion most suspicious is, undoubtedly, your friend's ignorance of what his pretended spirit (consequently his proper self) told you at the church-yard; for if he had known any thing of it, he would not have concealed it from the Prince of Braganza, in whose arms he died, much less from you, in his farewell letter. Finally, if you consider what your tutor has told the Prince about his statue, which has been cut in wood during his imprisonment, you will find it very probable that the Irishman has made use of it in some manner or other for effecting that delusion."

The Duke stared at me like a person suddenly roused from a profound sleep.—"Marquis!" he said, at length, "you have opened my eyes; but my unwont looks are unable to penetrate another fact I cannot expel from my memory."

"Again, an apparition—?"

"Which, however, did not happen to me, but to my father."

"You mean the apparition of Count San*?"

"The very same."

"Your father has related to me all the particulars of it; I have reflected upon it, and imagine I am capable of explaining it in a natural manner. Your father received, two days before the ghost appeared to him, a letter, by which he was informed that the Count was dangerously ill, and that his life was despaired of on account of his advanced age. This intelligence affected him violently, and the idea of the impending dissolution of his dearest friend, prevailed in his mind from that moment. The melancholy of your father seemed to encrease hourly, reduced him in the day to the state of a dreaming person, and disturbed his rest at night. As often as he awoke in the second night, he fancied he heard somebody groan, yet the groaning person was undoubtedly nobody but himself, and the cause of his groans originated from the pressure of the blood against the breast. This pressure awakened him once more, early in the morning, with some violence; he fell again asleep a few minutes after, and it was very natural that the object of the dream that stole upon him should be no other but Count San*. Your father mistook that dream for a real apparition, and nothing is more pardonable than this self-deceit. The only circumstance that renders this incident remarkable, is, that the Count really expired in that very hour. However, I ask you whether it be so very strange, if our imagination, which deceives us so many thousand times by its delusions, should at length coincide once accidentally with the truth?"

"One rather ought to wonder," the Duke replied, "that this is so rarely the case."

"Here you have two instances of apparitions," I resumed, "which agree in their being delusions, only with that difference, that one of them which happened at the church-yard originated from external causes, and the other from the imagination of your father. We are not always so fortunate as to be able to explain apparitions in so natural a manner; our incapacity and ignorance gives us, however, no right to think that they are supernatural."

"You think then that the belief in apparitions and the influence of spirits originates merely from ignorance?"

"Certainly; when man was yet in his unpolished state, and ignorant of the laws of nature and of thinking, the uncivilized mortals could not but observe many external phenomena which they could not explain, their stock of experimental knowledge not being equal to that task. Necessitated by the law of reason to search for the cause of every effect, they substituted unknown causes, when unable to find out any that were known to them, and mistook these powers for spirits, because they were invisible to them, though they perceived their effects."

"I do not deny, my friend, that the original source of the belief in apparitions, and the influence of spirits, has taken its rise from an evidently false conclusion. It has however been frequently the fate of truth, that its discovery was founded on erroneous premises; consequently the manner in which an idea is generated cannot render its internal truth suspected, provided it be supported by other valid arguments."

"Your remark is very just and true, yet it cannot be applied to the present case, for I have already proved that we possess neither an external nor an internal criterion by which we could discern the influence and apparition of those invisible beings, and that we consequently have no sufficient reason to believe in their existence. This too I will not contest. You have, however, proved only the impossibility of finding out a criterion by which we could discern the real influence of spirits, but not the impossibility of that influence itself. It may yet be supposed that these beings can produce apparitions without, and effects within ourselves, and that we are connected with them in an effectual and secret manner. While this internal impossibility is not proved, it will not be absurd to imagine that men who mortify their sensuality, who are entirely absorbed in meditation, and fix their looks merely on super-terrestrial things, may be favoured more frequently with the influence of spiritual beings, and a more intimate connection with them."

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE OF MR. FERGUSON.

THE following story Mr. Ferguson used frequently to repeat: He had finished the picture of a handsome young lady, whose numerous friends, though they commended the piece, found each some small faults, they thought might be corrected, which would render the likeness complete. Mr. Ferguson, when informed of it, desired they all might meet him at a certain hour, and being properly placed, with his pallet and brushes in his hand, the picture before him, and the lady sitting in a just light, he begged to be favoured with the opinions and objections of the company present, one by one; he acquiesced with them all, and put himself in a posture to remedy the defects, pointed out. When he had gone through the whole he turned the picture towards them, and every one pronounced it so finished a piece, and so perfect a likeness, that it could not be improved. He then requested them to examine both the pencils and canvass, which had been all along perfectly dry, and left them to draw their own conclusions.

THE HISTORY OF MRS. MORDAUNT.

[WRITTEN BY HERSELF.]

(Continued from our last.)

AS I mean to banish prolixity from my narrative, I shall not mention the emotions this tale excited when next we met. I could not help lamenting my utter inability to aid his distress. A glow of grateful feelings brightened his countenance. He caught my hand. Angelic sweetness, he cried—your face, how true an index of your mind. In short, both strangers to dissimulation, we soon perceived a passion, ardent, sincere, and reciprocal. We loved with all the romantic enthusiasm of youth, forgetting the insuperable barriers between us. We indulged our tenderness till it grew too great to be subdued. Sitting together one afternoon, planning future days of bliss, my hand locked in his, my soul beaming from my eyes, we suddenly heard a rustling among some trees behind us, and my father instantly rushed out, rage flashing from every glance. Frantic, he tore me from Harland, and bid him begone, as he durst not answer for what he might be tempted to do. Harland hesitated. I saw passion kindling in his eyes. Terrified at the consequences which might ensue, I had just power to articulate, obey him, oh obey him. My father loaded me with every violent invective rage could suggest. To exculpate myself from the meanness he accused me of, I divulged Harland's history, but he believed it not. He said it was a vile, artful tale, calculated to deceive my unsuspecting youth, and lead me into a connection which he would eternally have cursed me for. Good heaven! how my soul shuddered at these words. For three days I gave myself up to immoderate grief; the fourth, walking in an avenue cut through the wood, I saw a little boy playing before me, I heeded him not, till I perceived him drop a piece of paper, give me a significant sign, and run off. I flew forward hastily, snatched it up, and retired to a chamber, where I read the following lines from my unfortunate Harland:

"Oh, my Julia! what a cruel separation! Thus torn from thee, it fills me with anguish—my only comfort thy society, deprived of that too—merciless fortune! I am incoherent—I hardly know what I write. Julia, to quit this spot, without bidding you adieu, is more than I can support. Meet me if possible I beseech you at night, in the wood. One parting interview—to meet perhaps; I can't go on—Oh Julia! grant my last request."

I determined to comply, but could not without my maid's assistance. I entrusted her, and she promised to assist me. When the family were retired to rest, she conducted me down stairs, and opening a little door which led into the wood, said she would there watch my return.

Gently the moon dispers'd her pleasing light
And silver'd o'er the trembling lucid wave,
Fair was the view, that hail'd the wond'ring sight,
And soft the pleasure midnight silence gave.

Harland was impatiently waiting for me; at my approach he sprung forward, oh my Julia, he cried, what goodness, what condescension, but you are all complying

sweetness. He regretted his separation; lamented his want of fortune; now bid me for ever forget him; then assured me, without the cheering idea of my love, life would be unsupportable. I wept, assured him it was unalterable, that only with existence it would cease. The moment arrived to separate. He sunk upon his knees, besought eternal blessings on my head, tenderly embraced me, while his voice was stifled with the emotions of his soul, and tore himself away. I tottered home, and leaning on my maid, retired to my chamber, where I passed the remainder of the night in tears, and all the pangs of hopeless love. Shortly after this, a gentleman arrived at the castle who was son to a deceased friend of my father's, his birth and fortune noble, but his manners tainted with arrogance and ill-nature. He conceived a partiality for me. Just powers, what has it not caused me! Sir George still dreading the unfortunate Harland, encouraged it. He was also really desirous of having me advantageously married. He compelled me to listen to Mordaunt; and in short, not to dwell longer on this painful subject, notwithstanding my prayers, my tears, my declaration of passion for another, I was forced the altar. The horror of that moment I can't express; the image of Harland was continually before me; my broken vows; his sufferings; his love; they almost bereft me of reason. Three days after the fatal ceremony, sitting alone in my dressing-room, as the gentlemen were out, I heard a carriage drive hastily to the door. I imagined it was some obtrusive visitors who came to pay their unwelcome compliments, when in an instant the door was thrown open, and Harland entered, the smile of anticipating pleasure on his face. He attempted to clasp me in his arms, but shrinking from them, I endeavoured to fly from the room; he caught my hand and forcibly withheld me; he looked amazed at my agitation. Speak to me, my adored Julia, he cried, Oh why this distress?—heaven has at length removed my sufferings.—Mr. T. has at last done justice to me. I am come to claim your hand. Sir George cannot deny me now. What bliss! what happiness in store for us. I could hear no more; I broke from him, and in agony of soul rending misery, wrung my hands together. We are ruined, exclaimed I, for ever wretched. Oh Harland! forgive me. I am miserable, compulsive power has undone me. I am, oh detest me not, already married. I might have gone on for ever—his senses seemed annihilated, a deadly paleness overspread his face; I was terrified; I flew to him; I attempted to take his hand; my touch revived him. He started from me; base faithless woman; his lips quivered, and in a phrenzy of disappointed passion he rushed out of the house. He left me on the verge of distraction, but when a little composed, I revolved my conduct: I considered it improper; I was now married; those tender sensations for another man were criminal; my virtue was strong, I determined to exert it; the lessons of my beloved mother recurred to me. She often said, affliction was the purifier of our passions, it refined the soul, and lifted to that infinite Almighty power in whose hands the balm was held for healing the wounds received on this spot.

(To be continued.)

THE SCHOOL FOR LIBERTINES,

A STORY, FOUNDED ON FACTS.

(Continued from our last)

AS the family of his late consort were rich and powerful Mr. Freeman checked his libertine pursuits for a time; but the strength of habit soon overcame the dictates of prudence, and again he listened to the powerful calls of vice and dissipation.

A few months after Mrs. Freeman's death he informed his friend Easton that he would introduce him to a young creature, lovely as imagination could form. He owned that the connection between them, being only that of sentiment, became rather troublesome; that she had denied him the most distant favour, and, in tears, regretted her ever giving way to a hopeless passion which had driven her from home, and subjected her to dangers of every kind.

"I first saw" he continued, "this foolish girl at the neighbouring convent---Her beauty charmed me; I gained her attention, and held many conversations at the grate, in the course of which she informed me that, disappointed in a love affair, and to avoid a forced marriage, she had fled from her guardian, and sought refuge in the convent.

"I need not tell you, Easton, how love-sick girls are wrought upon. I found more sensibility than prudence---her sorrows subsided as I artfully dropped an answering tear, accompanied with a well-feigned emotion. I used every means which is common with us fellows of intrigue, and at length gained her consent to suffer me to procure her enlargement, on my promise of protection and friendship.

"Her remove from the convent was, with some difficulty and no small degree of danger, effected; when, expecting my reward and urging her to be kind, she wept, said I had deceived her, and thus addressed me:--- 'Cease, Sir, to alarm, with professions of love, a poor young creature that knows not where to fly. Ask me for my friendship and esteem, and honour me with your's, and I shall be as happy as my fortunes will permit. I wished to cast myself on your protection, from a confidence in your honour---I have done it---betray not then, oh! betray not the trust reposed in you. If you take a violent and cruel advantage of my situation, short will be your pleasure---but lasting your pain. You will at once lose all the respect I now bear you, and render me completely wretched: it is too true I am in your power; but do not, oh! do not abuse that power, by plunging a wretch, already almost lost, into infamy and perdition.'

"I give you her own words, Easton, for you will find her romantic in the extreme, with all the airs of dignity and virtue about her. I endeavoured all I could to comfort and compose her spirits; and offered to write home to her guardian; but to this she would not consent, as in such a case her name would be exposed. 'If,' said she,

'imputed guilt is to be my portion, let me, with life, lament the effects of my imprudent flight---but there are, whom, my folly might disgrace, should an unfeeling world cast a stigma upon me---know me, therefore, only as---the wretched Julia'

"Upon this I left her, fool enough to be somewhat affected, and what she means to do I cannot tell; I had procured her an apartment in a private part of the city, with a servant to attend her; but not finding in me the father she expected, I have a strong idea that she means to play me the slip and steal away without my knowledge, which would prove a disappointment to both of us.

"For, Easton, as you are a fine fellow, and withal somewhat younger than myself, as I cannot succeed, I think you might venture a trial upon your own account."

"A friendly proposal," exclaimed Easton, "convey me to her, and what love, gallantry, and fine speeches can effect, depend on."

The agreement made, they proceeded to pay a visit to the unfortunate young lady.

The servant having given in Mr. Freeman's name, they were conducted to her apartment. But oh! heaven! what horror seized the heart of Easton on beholding---his sister! He had left her during his travels, which had detained him two years, under the protection of her guardian, a man of sordid ideas, little principle, and still less humanity---but who had cunning sufficient to carry the appearance of every good quality, and, by the deepest dissimulation, had prevailed on the worthy Mr. Easton, the gentleman who had given these unhappy children his name and fortune, in his last moments to submit to him the management of the estate bequeathed them till the youth became of age, and his sister was disposed of in marriage.

How he had performed the will of his dying friend, respecting the young lady, the reader has, in part, been made acquainted with---it remains only to say, that, by his forbidding the addresses of Mr. Harcourt, a young soldier, whose heart was as honourable as his profession, and who sincerely loved her, and encouraging the hopes of a wretch, worn out with infirmities and a diseased mind, he forced the unhappy Julia to determine on flight. Her Harcourt had been called to the field, where, by protecting his country at the hazard of his life, it was not then in his power to defend her he held dearer than his own existence.

For a time, overcome with mutual astonishment, they both remained silent! At length Easton, relieved by tears, embracing the sister of his heart, exclaiming, "And have bad principles and bad men brought me to the brink of such perdition? But Heaven is just, and at the same moment converts my erring heart, and restores me to an almost-lost sister, whom my future care and affection shall protect from every snare of deep-laid villany."

Then turning to the confounded and abashed Freeman, he uttered, "As for you, be warned by this interposition of Providence in favour of your undeserving friend---

Your years and your principles do not correspond. I had a father, gay and volatile like yourself, whose wretched story I have heard, but whose guilt has divided his children and him—perhaps—forever! Mournful, no doubt, has been his existence, and, if no more, miserable his end.”—But wherever he may wander, if yet alive, oh! my sister! would not you rejoice with me in comforting his suffering heart, and in return receive the blessings of our nameless and interdicted parent?”

Hearing, with trembling limbs, this passionate address, Mr. Freeman exclaims, “Who, who was your father?”

“Oh!” returned Easton, “he has lost his name in his crimes, which drove him from his family and country—an outlawed murderer!”

For the first time, powerful conviction rushed on the heart of Freeman! “Oh!” he exclaimed, “be more explicit, surely my children are now before me—nor fear nor fate shall longer hide my name—’Tis *Alton*! the miserable *Alton*, now casts his wretched load of existence before you.”—They both ran towards him, and owning an interposing providence with tears of joy and gratitude, raised their *long-lost parent*! who at once reclaimed, at once thankful to mysterious Heaven, embraced his children!

It only remains to inform the reader, that the father, with his son and daughter, took shipping for England. An honourable peace soon brought home to love and fortune the generous Harcourt, who was at length united to his faithful Julia.

The old guardian had paid the debt of nature, and, struck with a check of conscience, he not only left the whole estate of the late Mr. Easton, unimpaired, to the brother and sister, but added thereto a large portion of his own. Application was made to an earthly throne for mercy to the repentant father; it was extended towards him, and being now a sincere penitent, it is to be wished and hoped that he may experience the same mercy from a still higher power.

THE TEMPLE OF HOPE,

A VISION.

READING one summer's eve in a grove, by which ran a most beautiful translucent rivulet. I was, by its murmurs, mingled with the sighs of Zephyr, lulled into an agreeable slumber. Somnus had no sooner laid me on his couch of poppies, than I thought myself transported to a dreary waste, where Nature sits on her heath-blossom'd throne, dispensing the seeds of furze, broom, brambles, and thistles around her.

The sight of this barren scene would have awakened me with dismay, had not my sight been immediately charmed, and my mind astonished with the rising of a most superb Temple. Multitudes were repairing thither. Misery sat on their wan cheek—but I was pleased to see, at the same time, expectation gladden in their eye. Around

the Temple spontaneously rose, in their most perfect, fragrant, and variegated bloom, the most beautiful parterres. Amidst the flowering shrubs and ever-greens, were playing charming infants of both sexes, whose talk was as melodious as the vesper of the nightingale, and as gay as the matin of the lark. Their countenances were as blithe and as beautiful as Flora, blushing with the kiss of Spring. I was informed, that they were the children of Arts, Sciences, Peace, Plenty, and Pleasure. Rills murmured through the walks. Fountains scattered over the beds of perennial blossoms, their pearls of liquid crystal, and Zephyrs, with *Æolian harps*, caused every leaf to dance to their delightful harmony.

The style of the Temple itself united every order of architecture to denote that it was free to the access and devotion of every country. The Gothic, Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite were there displayed. The walls were supported by a foundation, that, I learned, was dug from the land-pit of Expectation and the quarry of Enterprise. The walls themselves were formed of one entire crystal, taken from the mountain of promise. I presume the goddess chose them to be formed of this material, to denote that her various devotees might here be delighted with the most charming prospects which the magic of fancy could create for their allurements and entertainment. It had no roof, that nothing might impede their incessant view of the ethereal throne of Providence. Instead of pillars, the portico was supported with anchors, which had been formerly the salvation of thousands sailing in the bark of human misery, from being shipwrecked against the rocks of despair. In varied festoons, hung around every apartment, cables in the style of the most exquisite and elegant fancy. They were likewise, wreathed with flowers of various sorts, which appeared to be always changing, but never losing their bloom.

The innumerable persons of all ages, ranks, and descriptions, which were going to this Fane, having gained admittance, the Temple rose most majestically to the regions of bliss. Every votary knelt around the shrine, and sung hallelujahs whilst it ascended.

I followed it with admiration, satisfaction, and astonishment, until it disappeared; and the chorusses of the happy mortals, thus transported, left my listening sense to taste in silence that ecstasy in which so delightful a scene of human enjoyment had enwrapped my sensibility.

I awoke, and was sorry to find the happiness of so many of my fellow creatures, was only the delusive prospect of a vision.

EXTRACT.

NATURE gives us talents, it is education that applies them right or wrong. Nature bestows propensities and affections, which may be directed to good, either public or private. It is culture that improves or prevents them.

ON WEALTH.

AMONG the many advantages of wealth, that of being able to relieve the necessities and indigencies of others is of the greatest value, and most to be prized. In what class of men shall we place the hard-hearted, ungenerous rich man? Upon examination of human nature, avarice is no part of it; and so we shall be forced to list the covetous man among the monsters of this world.

Let the rich man indulge his appetites, and pursue his expences and superfluities, if he will; and let him enable his family to indulge themselves in the same way, if they are so inclined. But surely, then, he ought to make as many other people easy and comfortable as he can.

I am not, it is certain, obliged to pinch myself to remove other peoples pinchings; but if a ring on my little finger has charms enough in and about it to keep half a hundred families from starving, can I hesitate a single moment, whether or no I shall part with this useless bauble for that end? If a hundred or five hundred pounds will not make me retrench in any thing, nor interfere with the figure and circumstances of life that are proper for my family now, or when I am dead and gone, what can I do better than give it to some other person or family, who are obliged to live entirely below those circumstances they are born or bred to? How can I better employ it, than in raising the spirits, and rejoicing the heart of some melancholy, depressed poor man? I am mistaken, if the application of a few hundred pounds this way, would not give a truer sensation of joy and pleasure than fifty other things, which are often purchased at a very dear rate.

Be persuaded, then, ye rich and powerful, ye honourable and great, to do honourable things with the superfluity of your wealth.

Search after ingenious persons, root them out of obscurity, and obscurity out of them, and call the long-banished muses back to their ancient habitation.

TRUE MEEKNESS.

MECKNESS, like most other virtues, has certain limits, which it no sooner exceeds than it becomes criminal. She who hears innocence maligned without vindicating it--falschood asserted without contradicting it,--or religion profaned without resenting it, is not gentle, but wicked.

Meekness is imperfect, if it be not both active and passive; if it will not enable us to subdue our own passions and resentments, as well as qualify us to bear patiently the passions and resentments of others. If it were only for mere human reasons, it would turn to a profitable account to be patient; nothing defeats the malice of an enemy like the spirit of forbearance; the return of rage for rage cannot be so effectually provoking.

True gentleness, like an impenetrable armour, repels the most pointed shafts of malice: they cannot pierce through this invulnerable shield, but either fall hurtless

to the ground, or return to wound the hand that shot them.

A meek spirit will not look out of itself for happiness, because it finds a constant banquet at home; yet, by a sort of divine alchemy, it will convert all external events to its own profit; and be able to deduce some good, even from the most unpromising; it will extract comfort and satisfaction, from the most barren circumstances; "it will suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock."

Meekness may be called the pioneer of all the other virtues, which levels every obstruction, and smooths every difficulty that might impede their entrance, or retard their progress. Honours and dignities are transient;---beauty and riches frail and fugacious;---but this amiable virtue, is permanent. And surely the truly wise would wish to have some one possession, which they might call their own in the severest exigencies. This can only be accomplished by acquiring and maintaining that calm and absolute self-possession, which, as the world had no hand in giving, so it cannot, by the most malicious exertion of its power, take away.

NEW-YORK.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor thankfully acknowledges the receipt of the third excellent Essay of A. D.

The Acrostic of V. E. displays some merit, but the author cannot, with propriety, expect its insertion without some correction: The effusions of the Muse will ever find a hearty welcome attending their reception, when indiscriminately adapted for instruction, or not too pointedly addressed with extatic strains to an individual.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

- From the 22d to the 28th inst.

	Thermometer observed at		Prevailing winds		OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.	
	6. A. M.	3. P. M.	6.	3.	6.	3.
Jan. 22	23	29	ne.	nw.	snow light wd	snow
23	27 50	37	sw.	do.	cloudy do.	clear lt. wd.
24	26	41	w.	do.	clear light wind	do. do.
25	20	27	nw.	se.	clear high wind	do. lt. wd.
26	28	42	s.	do.	cloudy lt. wd.	clear do.
27	36	45 50	sw.	do.	clear lt. wind,	do. do.
28	39	46	sw.	do.	clear lt. wd.	cloudy do.

FRIENDSHIP.

WHAT greater blessing can kind Heav'n send
Than a sincere, indulgent, tender friend?
What greater blessing can we ask than this?
The greatest, surely, of all earthly bliss.
What comfort is it, when the mind's depressed,
To lodge our sorrows in a faithful breast!

TO A LADY,

On her too great Affectation of Ornament.

DEAR Mira, whence of late this studious care,
As fashion bids, to braid thy flowing hair;
With costly veils to shade thy snowy breast,
And load with gorgeous fringe the sumptuous vest?
Why these perfumes that scent the ambient air?
Alas! all art must render thee less fair.

Each ornament from that celestial face
Detracts a charm, and banishes a grace:
Who on the violet can sweets bestow?
Or needs the rose with borrow'd colours glow?
Great Nature's beauties ever reach the heart,
And spurn the trivial aids of needless art.
No art directs the vernal bloom to blow,
No art assists the murmuring streams to flow,
And the sweet songsters of the vocal grove,
By art unaided, swell their throats to love.

Phœbe and Elaira charm'd of old
Fair Helen's brothers, not with gems or gold;
Idas with Phœbus for Marpessa vied,
But for her beauties, not her wealth he sigh'd.
When godlike Pelops Hippodamia won,
He panted for her virgin charms alone.
With native grace these nymphs inflam'd the heart,
Unskill'd in ornament, devoid of art;
In the sweet blush of modesty alone,
And smiles of innocence attir'd, they shone.

Then needless artifice, dear maids, forbear,
What charms the lover best, adorns the fair.

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

HASTE, pallid nymph, forego thy moss-crown'd cell,
Clad in thy milk-white vest,
By Nature woven, by the Graces drest:
Come seek the adust retreat of these lone groves,
Where Shennstone breath'd, ere Fate had rung his knell,
And join the requiem of confederate loves.

Can you forget how oft in wooing you,
He artless led the passions in a throng?
No suppliant ever felt a flame more true,
And wit and beauty mingled in his song.
Tho' Neptune blaz'd, her brows with myrtle twin'd,
Not all her loveliness could shake his constant mind.

In the meridian of his quiet day,
When gentle Reason had matur'd his youth;
The relatives of Onus blest that lay
He gave to you, and gave it with his truth.
Pure were his morals as the Patriarchs thought,
And heaven approv'd the dogma Fancy taught.

Ah me, that breast which glow'd with patriot fire,
Beneath this grass-green mantle lies entom'd!
Cold is that nerve which harmoniz'd the lyre,
And all his bright'ning faculties consum'd:
Come then, such fallen excellence deplore,
His harp's unstrung, his minstrelsy is o'er.

ODE TO HAPPINESS.

THO' all men aim at happiness,
And some their boasted schemes profess,
Yet few, alas! too few we find,
Take the right course, by nature blind.

Th' ambitious man directs his way
Thro' titles, honours, night and day:
The miser hovers o'er his gold,
With heaps on heaps, each farthing told:

But sooner or later they'll perceive,
These trifling things the mind bereave
Of ev'ry solid, dear delight,
The soul o'erspread with gloom of night:

That envied titles, honours, fame,
Are but a sounding, empty name:
That riches fly on wings away;
The brightest name will soon decay:

Yet riches ne'er will satisfy,
Tho' e'er so certain, still they cloy
The dupe, that on them doth rely.

Still surer doth the sensualist
His pleasures, and his good resist;
With loss of health, misfortunes rue
The man, who sensual paths pursues:

For pleasures dissipate the mind,
Bring on diseases, death unkind;
Ruin his fortune, robs his soul
Of all true joy, without controul.

The philosophic sage also,
Unless the fear of God he know,
Unless his Maker's works he scan,
Is but a poor bewild'ring man:
Much knowledge will more sorrows gain.

But he who would true pleasure find,
Delight of a superior kind,
Must firmly virtue's steps pursue,
To worldly folly bid adieu;
Dispos'd, all heav'n's decrees to meet
With fortitude, or harsh, or sweet;
If fortune blows in prosperous gales,
Or adverse wind his skiff assails,
Still he is happy, pleas'd, content,
With what kind heav'n, not him hath sent;

Nor pines with grief, himself alone
Bears all the shock of fortune's frown,
Untouch'd, resign'd, God's will his own:
In patience tastes a greater joy,
Than all the world's variety.

Religion doth a good afford,
To all, with gladsome pleasure stor'd,
Such as the world to give in vain
May boast, for all its pleasures pain,
Compar'd with virtue's smiling train,
Of joy refin'd, of peace and health,
The greatest good, the best of wealth.

For there's that sweetness, and that peace
In virtue's blessed, wholesome ways,
Which no disaster can defeat,
Its transports so divinely great.

Who would not then this course pursue,
Which only leads to bliss, and pleasures ever new?